THE SEED SOWER.

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The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

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Funeral Song, February 2nd, 1901.

Droop, droop, proud flag of England,
Beneath the wintry skies;
For silent in the sleep of death
Belov'd Victoria lies!
Toll, toll, deep bell of England,
Let sounds of anguish flow,
And with thy cold and solemn tongue
Proclaim a people's woe.

Beneath the sculptured arches
The funeral anthem steals,
And hush'd and awed in grief profound
A stricken nation kneels.
There's night within the palace,
And proud ancestral hall,
And on the lowliest cottage home
The shades of sorrow fall.

Oh! proud and peerless England!
A star illumes thy night!
Uplift to heaven thy tearful eyes,
And catch the holy light!
Enthroned in hearts that love her,
Through all her vast domains,
The glory of our history's page,
Victoria lives and reigns!

SHAPCOTT WENSLEY.

The National Bereavement.

We deeply regret that the necessity for going to "press" soon after the middle of the month made it impossible for the *Seed Sower* to join at an earlier date in the universal expression of sorrow at the death of our beloved and illustrious Queen. In fact our February issue was already printed off when the noblest and longest reign in English history came to an end. A great tidal wave of solemn and majestic sorrow immediately engulfed the whole nation. A sense of infinite and incredible loss struck home to all English-speaking peoples, and indeed affected the unnumbered millions of mankind with a sense of void and desolation. But the end came almost as we would have it. After a long age of glorious and impressive years it came swiftly, without pain, with the whole world standing by in silent sympathy and appreciation. Only one thing jarred. Infinitely sad was it that she could not lay down her burden with England at peace. That must have been to her an unspeakable grief, and, if report speaks truly, hastened the end. Peace be to her memory. Eternal peace be hers.

The Christian Name and the Liberal Faith.

AN ADDRESS,

By the REV. JOSEPH WOOD.

I.

Those of us who are Liberals in religion are called upon from various quarters to justify our use of the Christian name. From the right wing of Conservatism, from the left wing of Iconoclasm, we are assailed. Both extremes unite in condeming the Liberal and Reforming Christians. Both agree in saying "you must accept the orthodox account of Christianity, or you have no right to call yourselves Christians at all." It is not the first time in history that the extremists on both sides, hating each other fiercely, have yet joined hands to belabour the party of reform. Here are men as wide asunder as Canon Liddon and Mr. Voysey, or as Spurgeon and Ingersoll, declaring that Christianity means, and can only mean, that set of theological ideas and doctrines known by various names as Evangelicanism, or Anglicanism, or Romanism, but which, fundamentally the same under a variety of trappings, may be conveniently called Popular Orthodoxy. Now, it is said that any attempt on the part of men who have given up this set of ideas to march under the Christian banner is both illogical and insincere. On the contrary, I am persuaded we do well to cling to our birthright, the Christian name, both as a matter of right reason and loyal affection. For what does that name indicate? Primarily it indicates a certain type of character rather than a certain sharply-defined theology. The particular stream of history and tradition which bears us on its waters towards the Infinite Deep is a stream to be traced up to Christian sources. It may be a thousand times broader now than when it first began to trickle among Judean hills, but it is the same stream. We are what we are to-day because the blood of fifty generations of Christendom is in our veins. Our laws and institutions, our daily habits, our social customs, our literature, our art, our very holidays, our moral code, our ways of looking at things, are all saturated with Christian influences, from which we can no more escape than we can from our Anglo-Saxon ancestry. We live so completely in the atmosphere created by Christianity, we feed so deeply, even from our mothers' breasts, on truths which it has made the world's common property, they have passed so insensibly into our blood and thought, that we can no more dispossess ourselves of them than we can cast out of us our racial and national characteristics. We can no more disengage ourselves from Christian ideas and influences than we can say the past shall in no wise enter into the present. Nothing can make us as if Christianity had not been: those who turn their backs on it cannot get away from it, they cannot get away from the conditions under which they were born; and when they speak their best and deepest words they are speaking what would not have been possible for them to say but for the great Teacher whom they disown.

Religious influences have come down to other men and nations on other streams of history and tradition. In no nation has God left Himself without witness. But the stream that has brought us hither is not Buddhist, nor Mohammedan, nor simply Theistic, but distinctly Christian. We cannot be merely Secularists, or Positivists, or Theists if we would. All that is best in Secularism, its sense of the immense importance of life, duty, and well-being here and now; all that is best in Positivism, its passion for humanity and social justice; all that is best in Theism, its faith in a loving God and a Heavenly Father, all these are born of Christianity. But for the lift given to human thought, feeling, morality, and inspiration by Jesus, it may be questioned whether Ingersoll, Frederick Harrison, and Mr. Voysey would not have had to wait another 2000 years for the most vital part of their several gospels. For my own part, I rejoice that many Secularists, Positivists, and Theists are amongst the most zealous followers of Christ. There are many who are

> Pious beyond the intention of their thought,
> Devout beyond the meaning of their will.

The blood of these men runs Christian to

their finger-ends, although they have renounced the name. For all the past, of which we are the heirs, is in our veins, and declares us to be Christians as much as it declares us to be Englishmen.

Now, just as in spite of all differences of condition and opinion, there is a certain type of character we call English, and which is seen in Radical and Conservative, in rich and poor, in Oxford freshman and young bargee alike—which we recognise alike in a Black Prince and a Nelson, in a King Alfred and a George Stephenson, so there is a certain type of character we recognise as Christian, which is marked and distinct from the Pagan, Jewish, Buddhist, and Mussulman types, as the Caucasian is marked and distinct from the Mongolian. We all know what we mean by the Christian type of character, although we may find a difficulty in defining it; and we men of the West are not mistaken in supposing that this type of character has a certain superiority over all other types. I am not blind to the elements of evil which have darkened the stream of Christian influence and tradition. Who does not know the inconsistency, all the unfaithfulness, all the lethargy, all the consummate hypocrisy, all the abominable wickedness of kings and priests, which has neutralised, perverted, and disgraced the Christian world? Yet, in spite of all, Christianity as a whole has been faithful to one type of character, which in one age it has set before men in a St. John, and in another in a St. Francis, which has moved men to admiration in a Bernard and a Henry Havelock, in the Unitarian Mary Carpenter, and the High Church Sister Dora. The thrill which Christianity sent through man at first it sends through him still. The type of character known as Christian conquers wherever it is truly seen. We know that this type dominates all that is best and healthiest in the life of the world. We know that it shapes us as by invisible hands. We know that we too, in all that is sweet and fair within us, are its products. And we, the Liberals in religion, declare that this is indeed the vital essence of Christianity, the influence which create this particular type of character. Christianity is not primarily a philosophy, although, of course, it must have a philosophy. Christianity is, in the first place, a loyalty, an admiration, an influence, a service, an ideal of life quickening, stimulating, controlling our western civilisation. Independently of any philosophy about it, it is every day working its work among the consciences and aspirations of uncounted multitudes. Christianity is not primarily a new theology; it is a new type of life. Christianity was not even a new morality. What constituted its originality was the peculiar order in which it arranged the ethical materials which the world already possessed and did not seem to know what to do with. These materials—humility, forgiveness, self-denial, patience, charity, meekness, purity, peacefulness, while in the world, were in the background and little esteemed. Christianity brought them to the front, emphasised them, placed them on the throne, crowned them with honour and glory, gave them free play, and the result was the creation of an absolutely new type of life and character which is ours, and which it is a treachery to all the past to refuse to call Christian. The sap of religion has come into our life through the soil of that particular field. As soon as we think of any part of our spiritual inheritance, we see that we have received it if not always from a Christian source, at any rate through a Christian channel. It was and is no choice of our own whether we are moulded by the Christian type of character. Many a good man who thinks he has out-grown Christianity, and cast it off like a worn-out garment, would find by a better self-knowledge that his ethical standard, his moral judgment, his most attractive ideal, his fairest hopes for himself and humanity are all derived from Christian ideas and influences.

You cannot help being in some sort a Christian. Mr. Voysey tells us that Jesus has nothing whatever to do with the religion of Theists. That might be true of Hebrew Theists, but it cannot be true of the Theists of the western world. It is like saying that Shakespeare has nothing whatever to do with the English literature of to-day, or that Sir Isaac Newton has nothing whatever

to do with modern science. Literature and science can no more repudiate the influence of Shakespeare and Newton than the earth can repudiate the geological influences which have made it what it is. The ideas and influence of Jesus feed the mental and moral life of all our modern Theists. What has the Theism which repudiates the Christian name to say about God more beautiful, more universal, more simple and spiritual than this, "God is Love;" or this, "God is Light;" or this, "God is Spirit;" or this, "God is a Father?" Where did modern Theism get these ideas but from Christianity? We are where we are, in the line of Christian influences, by the appointment of God. We are the product of these influences as truly as the topmost shoot of a growing tree is the product of its roots. It is nearer the light than they, but sap from the lower depths fills its veins. And for us to cast off the Christian name is like such a shoot disowning the roots from whence it largely derives its vitality.

(To be continued.)

In a Rough Setting.

I had often seen Elizabeth Inglis while going my Monday morning rounds in the district, collecting for the Provident Society, but I had always failed to understand what seemed an eccentric and rather disagreeable character. She was the only single woman on my list, and as such interesting, but on the whole I was inclined to think the neighbours were right in saying that she was queer and not easy to get on with. She seldom put anything into her account, said little, and was often out when I called, so there seemed not much chance of our getting to know each other better.

Her appearance was not prepossessing. Her age must have been nearly forty, but there was none of the sweetness in her face that maturity often brings; instead it was lined and hard, with an expression as of challenge to the world in general, resentment of its dealings, and resistance against its oppression. Her hair was thick and tangled, of a red colour, and tumbling over her eyes, as if to hid that part of the face which might have lent nobility to the rest. Complexion and eyes toned in a curious way with the hair. Miss Inglis was anything but pretty, and her voice had a harsh ring in it.

But there was one thing about her which from the first interested me, and that was her home. There was no other house in the least like it. Desperately poor though she was, the woman had a keen artistic sense and great ingenuity in its exercise. It was not that her window was screened with long cretonne curtains, a vallance, and a lace-edged blind, all clean and good. Anyone might have achieved that, but Miss Inglis had risen to art decorations of every variety, and her tiny room was transformed into a boudoir of such dainty prettiness that it looked the abode of refinement. Every chair had its cushion, and its antimacassar tied with ribbon. There were innumerable brackets put up about the walls, fringed and loaded with china figures, grasses, vases, and home-made ornaments. The last-mentioned were sometimes made of coloured portraits, carefully cut out and dressed in muslin, tinsel, or paper. Whenever an advertisment in the shape of a standing cardboard figure could be seized upon, it was similarly tricked out and stood upon a shelf. A good-sized bust of the Princess of Wales was thus treated, draped in muslin and cleverly bonneted with tinted tissue paper. Handscreens, either entirely home-made or garnished with paper flowers, were nailed up over the walls, among likenesses of national heroes and a few framed pictures. Pampas grass was in the big vases on the mantelpiece, a red cloth covered the table, linoleum was on the floor, and a few plants—"trees," as they are called in this part of the world—stood on the window-ledge.

Miss Inglis used to expand somewhat on the subject of her household gods, and I realised that this was her spot of tenderness, perhaps the only one in a nature soured and hardened by bitter struggle with penury.

At last came a time when for months I rapped vainly on Miss Inglis's door. She was always out—"at wairk," as I concluded.

Her cats (I forgot to name her cats, but there were three of them, a mother, a son, and a daughter, one blind, and one ludicrously like its mistress, both in complexion and expression)—her cats were no longer visible prowling outside,

or seated vigorously washing an extended hind leg, two ready to scutter away as I make my appearance, the blind mother gazing up as if listening suspiciously to my footsteps. No, they were doubtless locked up indoors.

Poor Miss Inglis! A forlorn, unloved, hopeless old maid. Quite hopeless, for you have even taken to cats!

One day in spring, as I went up the paved path that led to her house, which was one of a terrace behind the main street, I came upon her filling a bucket at the terrace pump.

"Why, Miss Inglis, how do you do? What a long while it is since I saw you!" said I.

She looked up with a smile, and at once I noticed a difference in her. She looked younger, softer.

"Yes, it is," she answered, "but I'm not Miss Inglis now. I'm Mrs. Hume."

"Mrs. Hume? Indeed!" said I, immensely surprised. "I did not know anything of that kind was on foot. Well, how do you like it!

"Oh, I like it very well," she answered in a pleased tone. "It's different now to what it used to be. I used to get that cross and nasty, not knowing how to earn money enough, and it was miserable. It's different now."

But that was not all. Gradually I learnt the whole story. It seemed that "he" wanted to move and go to a better neighbourhood, and this was also her ambition, since her own furniture and what he had bought for her could not be spread out with advantage in the little house.

"And I can't keep the place properly clean neither, with it all so crowded," she said. "I like to keep it all clean. Can't a-bear it dairty. Look at this oilcloth."

"That's new," said I.

"No, I've had it twelve months. I like the white ground, *I can see when it's dairty.*"

So they were looking for a better house elsewhere. This came out in the course of several visits. "He had property, of which a photograph was proudly pointed out, and they could afford superior quarters. But they did not seem able to suit themselves, and partly she admitted that "he" said he couldn't fancy himself going anywhere else of an evening after coming there so long.

"You see, he says, coming here every night, fine and wet, cold and hot, for twenty years, has made it feel like home."

"Twenty years?" I ejaculated.

"Yes, we were courting all that time. He was in wairk, and we could have got married, but his mother didn't wish it, and he'd took a vow not to marry while she lived. He often said to her, 'Mother, I'll have her, or nobody.' It was twenty years, and he never changed his mind. He was faithful to me, and I was faithful to him. I never thought of no one else. Of course, the neighbours were nasty, with him coming like that, and I got disagreeable and didn't make no friends."

Once she showed me some of her dresses that she was "making over." She had very good clothes, and she had time now to attend to them. "He" liked her to be well dressed when he came home at night and when they went out together. He took her jaunts on holidays, and she was provided for and looked after thoroughly for the first time in her life. No wonder the deepest lines were smoothed out of her face. No wonder the red hair was curled every morning, and the eyes lost their look of challenge. The long, toiling, years of brave independence, during which she had evidently taken no help from her faithful lover—the years of mutual respect as well as mutual affection—were over now, and the reward had come.

They had been married two months after the death of the old mother, whose exactions had caused all this long waiting, and strangely enough, as they found afterwards, on the anniversary of her wedding day.

All through the autumn Mrs. Hume put in regularly, and made quite a nice little sum ready, as I supposed, for Christmas. One day she was hunting everywhere for her bank book.

"Ah, there's that cat again," she said, pulling out one of a chest of drawers. "He's always getting into this drawer, and I wish he wouldn't. Some day I expect I shall forget about him and leave him to starve. He jumps in in a minute when I've got the drawer open and aren't looking.

She shut it again, cat and all, and continued the search.

"Oh, of course, I know now," she said in a mysterious tone. "I puts it here, look," and she glanced round at me with an expression betokening secrecy and amusement, as she took the little flat book from its hiding-place among others in a drawer. "I don't want him to know

—see? It's his birthday just after Christmas, and I'm going to draw it out and get him a present—see?"

It was a humble little romance, a simple enough story, this of the mechanic and the working-woman, and their constancy during twenty years. In a very rough setting, but, as I went away feeling light of heart, I thought it was a rare jewel for all that.

THEODORA MILLS.

Letter from a Ministerial Nephew.

THE SERVICE v. THE SERMON.

Dear Uncle Phil,—How hardly shall a man succeed in framing his utterances, public and private, in such fashion that even those who know him best shall not interpret them in a sense never intended, or draw conclusions from them which he had never contemplated! So thought I in perusing your kindly-worded letter of warning to me, concerning my alleged depreciation of the sermon and sermonising, to which I will now venture to offer a few lines of reply.

To make a preliminary remark, it is a source of real delight to me to find you so heartily in agreement with the attempt which is at last being made to render the services in our churches brighter and more attractive, while at the same time giving to the conduct of worship that greater solemnity which for some reason, deep-rooted in the human constitution, induces greater reverence. As a rule, one gets called a ritualist for any move in that direction,—the idea being that we are well-nigh perfect in our ways and methods, and that the rest of the world had much better come and imitate *us*. That these same admired methods may have had something to do with our failure in the past, it would, of course, be heresy to whisper; and yet I more than suspect that bad music, ugly buildings, slovenly services have had their share in producing that want of reverence, that worldly temper, wholly out of touch with sacred things, which one so frequently finds in our Free Churches. Thank goodness, Uncle Phil, you're "sound" on the question of the greater attractiveness of our services, and things being done decently and in order. *You*, at any rate, do not share the sublime prejudice that we can have nothing to learn from other Churches!

Now, what have I really been saying about the sermon? Nothing that I think you yourself will seriously dispute: that the day of very long sermons is over; that the sermon should be no more than "an element in the round of worship;" that if it arrogates to itself a larger share than this, it becomes a hindrance—a nuisance; that the main object of a church is the conduct of worship, and that the repression of the devotional element, by whatsoever cause, is nothing less than a calamity. I really don't know any of those dreadfully smart, cynical journalists who amuse themselves and each other—if not their long-suffering readers—by recommending the deletion of the sermon; but I am very sorry for them, because it must be dull to have to earn one's living by penning effusions which nobody takes seriously. When I read one that seems worth answering, I will compose—a long way after Swift—"An argument to prove that the abolishing of preachers in England may, as things now stand, be attended with some inconveniencies, and perhaps not produce those many good effects proposed thereby."

No, Uncle Phil, the men I know who speak with alarm of the undue prominence given among us to the sermon, are neither pulpit failures nor cynics, but ministers deeply impressed with the necessity of infusing a more worshipful and devout spirit into our churches.

You, whose experience is so wide, and whose instincts so trustworthy, do you consider it a healthy sign when people say—speaking of their place of worship—that "they go to hear Mr. So-and-So?" And is it not too often a fact among our folk that they are attached to a particular preacher instead of their church, that they "go to hear Mr. So-and-So" instead of going to worship Almighty God? Now there are among us some—I hope many—who feel that there is something wrong with this widely prevalent state of things; for my own part, I try—I don't say I always succeed, or ever succeed entirely in trying—to fight down the vanity which is the besetting temptation of the preacher, and to be more anxious about making our services restful, helpful, spiritual, than winning applause for my pulpit oratory. Of course, *that* has to have helpfulness, too, for its prime quality; but it

must never usurp such a place as to make prayers and hymns and lessons spoken of—you know how frequently they are spoken of—as the "introductory part" of the service.

I am inclined to think that this magnifying of the sermon at the expense of the service is a specific vice of dissent; and a very recent occurrence—under the impression of which I am writing—bears out that view. When we were all stirred to the depths by the passing of Queen Victoria, of much-loved memory, and on the day of her obsequies solemn services were held everywhere—what must the associated Nonconformist ministers of a certain English town do but hold a Memorial MEETING!!!—"chair to be taken by the Rev. —— ——," and collection at the close! Now this illustrates the vicious tendency I am speaking of, as hardly anything else could: at that supreme hour they must needs have a "meeting," and make speeches. They are ministers "of the Word," truly, these reverend never-ends!

Somehow, this tendency seems to have had nowhere more pernicious effects than in our own circle; our people like "lectures," come to have "intellectual treats," enjoy anything that ministers to their "critical faculty," and too often would not object to having the service reduced to a minimum since it cannot very well be shelved altogether. A denomination or body of churches in which such a spirit was allowed to get the upper hand would be doomed; at best, the churches themselves might degenerate into Sunday lecture halls, or ethical societies, but more probably they would die, as they deserved to die, of spiritual inanition.

For my own part, I would make this the test of a congregation's health—whether its members could tolerate and would attend, from time to time, a simply devotional service, with—at most—a very brief address. I am not so foolish as to cry down the sermon, having myself derived too great benefits from preaching to do so; but I don't want the sermon to be the *raison d'être* of the service, and more particularly I don't want my church to be called "Mr. Mancoll's place."

That, in brief, is how some of us "young fellows [fairly] fresh from college" feel about the matter. We are afraid of the prevailing *homiliolatry*; we connect it with the arid ntellectuality and the secularity of temper which every outsider notices amongst us; we think that the service wants emphasising a good deal more in our churches, and the sermon rather less. And even if peradventure one or other of us falls—as is natural in cases of reaction—into exaggerations of language concerning this matter, do give us credit nevertheless for being neither cynics nor failures; do not on evidence of such tenuity class us among the unfit.

Your affectionate nephew,

ROBERT MANCOLL.

UNCLE PHIL *writes in reply:*—

"As the Irishman said, 'I entirely agree with the gentleman who spoke last, *only a good deal more so.*' Nothing you say, dear nephew, on the importance of the service can go beyond what I feel on that subject. But my feeling is just as strong about the sermon. It has been my lot to visit up and down the country a great many Free Churches, not only those of our own community, but also Baptists and Independents, and I have found that good preaching invariably goes along with a full, bright, and reverent service. You must not judge our churches by the traditions of a quarter of a century ago. A very great improvement has taken place since that time, and our services all round have wonderfully improved on what they were when they were regarded as mere 'preliminaries' to the discourse. As a matter of fact and experience it is just where the pulpit is a commanding one that you get the most inspiring and uplifting worship.

There is another point of importance. Worship is first, the sermon second. Agreed. But the sermon is the chief human instrument in God's providence for teaching and persuading men of the worth, duty, privilege, and benediction of worship. How are you going to magnify worship and bring men to feel its need and place in their lives, except by some kind of human speech? God, indeed, has other instruments for effecting this, such as great sorrows or great joys, but these are not in our hands, whereas preaching is. To make light of preaching is to make light of the instrument given to us for setting worship in its exalted place; and, thank God, many who come in the first instance only to hear a sermon, *remain to pray.*"

QUEEN VICTORIA AT HER CORONATION.

The Queen and Tennyson.

It is doubtful whether more people went to the Isle of Wight to see Osborne than to see Farringford. The Queen and the poet between them gave the island a world-wide renown. It is well known that a firm and warm friendship existed between them, extending over a period of forty years. To Tennyson the Queen opened her heart fully, and the following extracts from her published journals will be read with peculiar interest at the present moment. They form a better tribute to her memory than anything we could indite. They reveal her wonderful tenderness of heart and simplicity of faith.

After the death of the Duke of Albany (Prince Leopold) in 1884, she writes:—

Dear Lord Tennyson,—I truly value your very kind words. My sorrows are many and great! Almost all I needed most to lean on—and who helped and comforted—are taken from me! But though *all happiness* is at an end for me in *this* world, I am ready to fight on, praying that I may be supported in bearing my heavy cross, and in trying to be of use and help to this poor dear young widow of my darling child, whose life, which was so bright and happy for barely two years, has been utterly crushed! . . . All these terrible sorrows show us, however, truly and really, that here is not our abiding home. . . . I am well, and while I live shall devote myself to the good of my dear Country, which has on all occasions of sorrow or joy, but especially the former, shown such sympathy with me!—Ever yours truly,

V. R. I.

In a postscript to a letter of July, 1885, the Queen speaks of "the death of that noble hero Gordon." In a letter of August 7th, 1885, describing the wedding of Princess Beatrice, she says:

Till sixty-one no real inroad of any kind had been made in our circle, and how heavy has God's hand been since then on me! Mother, husband, children, truest friends, all have been taken from me, and yet I must "still endure," and I shall try to do so. . . . I wish you could have *seen* the wedding, for everyone says it was the prettiest they ever saw. The simple, pretty little village church, all decorated with flowers, the sweet young bride, the handsome young husband, the ten bridesmaids, six of them quite children with flowing fair hair, the brilliant sunshine and the blue sea, all made up pictures not to be forgotten.—Believe me always yours affectionately,

V. R. I.

In a reply to this Tennyson says:

As to the sufferings of this momentary life, we can but trust that in some after-state, when we see clearer, we shall thank the Supreme Power for having made us, thro' these, higher and greater beings. Still, it surely cannot be unlawful to pray that our children, and our children's children, may pass thro' smoother waters to the other shore.

In April, 1886, on the occasion of the death in India of Lord Tennyson's son Lionel, the Queen wrote:

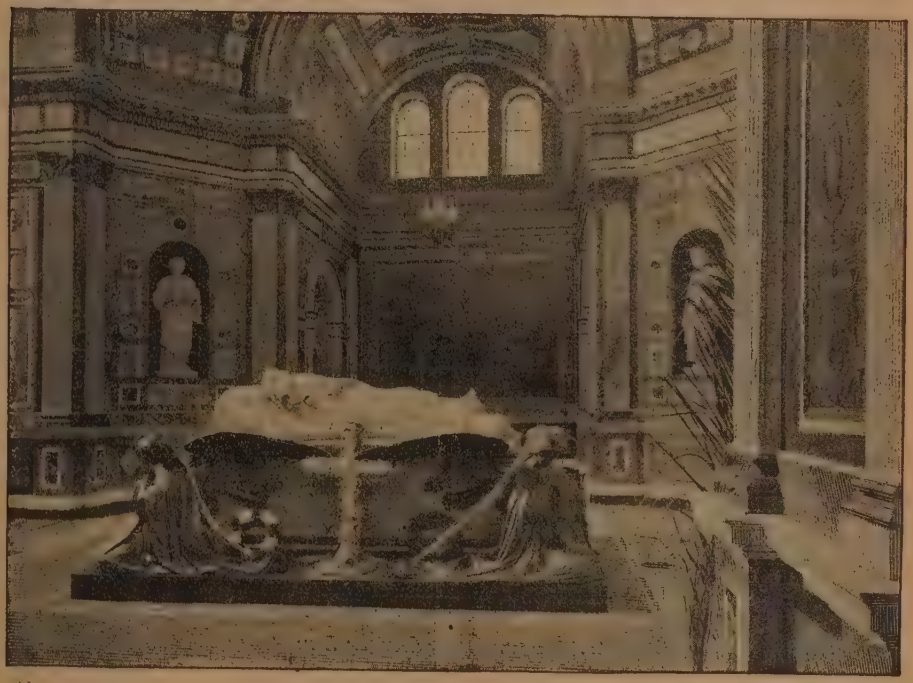
I wish I could express in words how *deeply* and truly I feel for you in this hour of heavy affliction! You, who have written such words of comfort for others, will, I am sure, feel the comfort of them again *in* yourself. . . . I will not weary you or intrude on your grief by words of consolation, which in fact *can* offer none. But I say from the depth of a heart which has suffered cruelly, and lost almost all it cared for and loved best, I *feel* for you; I know what you and your dear wife are suffering, and I pray God to support you.

In 1887, the Jubilee year, Lord Tennyson says:

In a letter of February 10th, 1891, the anniversary of her wedding, the Queen says:

How kind it is of you to have written these beautiful lines, and to have sent the telegram for this ever-dear day, which I will never allow to be considered a sad day. The reflected light of the sun which has set still remains! It is full of pathos, but also full of joyful gratitude, and he, who left me nearly thirty years ago, surely blesses me still!

In addition to the letters an extract is given from the Queen's Private Journal, in which



THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM AT FROGMORE.

I do indeed feel how the sense of loneliness may oppress your Majesty in the midst of these loud rejoicings. . . . The multitude are loud, but *They* are silent. Yet if the dead, as I have often felt, tho' silent, be more living than the living;—and linger about the planet in which their earth-life was passed—then *they*, while we are lamenting that they are not at our side, may still be with us; and the husband, the daughter, and the son lost by your Majesty may rejoice when the people shout the name of their Queen.

she records an interview with the Laureate at Osborne, on August 7th, 1883:

After luncheon saw the great Poet Tennyson in dearest Albert's room for nearly an hour; and most interesting it was. He is grown very old, his eyesight much impaired. But he was very kind. Asked him to sit down. He talked of the many friends he had lost, and what it would be if he did not feel and know that there was another world, where there would be no partings; and

then he spoke with horror of the unbelievers and philosophers who would make you believe there was no other world, no Immortality, who tried to explain all away in a miserable manner. We agreed that were such a thing possible, God, who is Love, would be far more cruel than any human being.

All this is a beautiful testimony to the strength of the Queen's affections, and to the natural way in which she opened her heart to the poet. Never had a Queen such a singer; never had a poet such a Queen.

Nothing will Die.

When will the stream be weary of flowing
Under my eye?
When will the wind be weary of blowing
Over the sky?
When will the clouds be weary of fleeting?
When will the heart be weary of beating?
And Nature die?
Never! oh, never: nothing will die.
The stream flows,
The wind blows,
The cloud fleets,
The heart beats:
Nothing will die.

Nothing will die:
All things will change
Through eternity,
'Tis the world's winter.
Autumn and summer
Are gone long ago.

Earth is dry to the centre;
But Spring, a new comer,—
A spring rich and strange,—
Shall make the winds blow
Round and round,
Through and through,
Here and there,
Till the air
And the ground
Shall be filled with life anew.

The world was never made:
It will change, but it will not fade.
So let the wind range;
For even and morn
Ever will be
Through eternity.
Nothing was born:
All things will change;
Nothing will die.

When one has not what one likes, one must like what one has.

Familiar Quotations.

"Apophthegms," says Sir Francis Bacon, "are certainly of excellent use. They are *mucrones verborum*, pointed speeches. Cicero prettily calls them *salinas*, salt-pits; that you may extract salt out of, and sprinkle it where you will. They serve to interlace in continued speech. They serve to be recited upon occasion of themselves."

In our own days, no less than in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," the excellent use of apophthegms is known and turned duly to account. Our daily talk is full of these "pointed speeches," derived from a hundred different sources, and very often used without any knowledge of their context, or any thought as to their authors. Who ever thinks, for example, when he cheerily reminds a friend that "Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer," that he is quoting a modification of the words of old Tusser? the homely philosopher who bids you "Look ere you leap" who warns us that "A stone that is rolling can gather no moss," and to whom we owe whatever comfort is to be had from the reflection that "It is an ill wind turns none to good." The hackneyed phrase, "Neither fish nor flesh nor good red-herring," savours little of the style of the "majestic" Dryden; it is taken, nevertheless, from his epilogue to the *Duke of Guise*. It is probable, however, that many of these sayings were simply adaptations by the authors from popular existing proverbs. It is Dryden also who tells us that "None but the brave deserve the fair," that "Sweet is pleasure after pain," that it is well to "Take the good the gods provide," and who reminds us, in his prologue to *Love for Love*, that "Men are but children of a larger growth."

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war"—a line, by the way, which is generally misquoted—is from *Alexander the Great*, written by the mad dramatist Nat Lee. "Plato, thou reasonest well," is in the *Cato* of Addison; and from him also come the well-worn phrases, "Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm," and "Still I seem to tread on classic ground." It is in Pope's *Odyssey* that the line occurs, "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," varied in his translations from Horace by

a change of "parting" into "going." As a fruitful source of popular quotations, Pope probably ranks next after Shakespeare, and like him, is often credited with the authorship of lines which he never wrote. To Pope, for example, has often been attributed the famous couplet—

> True patriots we: for, be it understood,
> We left our country for our country's good;

yet this was really composed by the notorious Barrington, as part of the prologue of a play performed by his fellow-convicts at Botany Bay.

The smooth and sonorous line, "Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast," which has so often been ascribed to Shakespeare, forms the opening of Congreve's *Mourning Bride*, the play in which occurs that famous description of a temple which Dr. Johnson once declared to be the finest poetical passage he had ever read—that he recollected none equal to it in Shakespeare. It is from Congreve, too, that we have borrowed the somewhat terrifying couplet—

> Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
> Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned:

Upon the poet Young many a loan has been levied, without much if any acknowledgment. From his *Night Thoughts* we get, "Procrastination is the thief of time;" "Man wants but little, nor that little long;" "All men think all men mortal but themselves;" "We take no note of time, but from its loss;" and many another familiar saying.

Grave judges, and others learned in the law, have contributed their quota, as in duty bound, to the common stock of popular sayings. It is Francis Bacon who speaks of matters that "Come home to men's business and bosom," who lays down the axiom that "Knowledge is power," and who utters that solemn warning to enamoured Benedicks, "He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune." We have the high authority of the renowned Sir Edward Coke for declaring that "Corporations have no souls," and that "A man's house is his castle." The expression, "An accident of an accident," is borrowed from Lord Thurlow. "The greatest happiness of the greatest number," occurs in Bentham, but as an acknowledged translation from the learned jurist Beccaria. To *Leviathan* Hobbes we owe the sage maxim, "Words are wise men's counters, but the money of fools." It is John Seldon who suggests that by throwing a straw into the air you may see the way of the wind; and to his contemporary Oxenstiern is due the discovery, "With how little wisdom the world is governed." Mackintosh first used the phrase, "A wise and masterly inactivity." "The schoolmaster is abroad" is from a speech by Lord Brougham. It does not mean that the teacher is "abroad," in the sense of being *absent*, as many seem to interpret the phrase, but that he is "abroad," in the sense of being everywhere *at work*. In the familiar phrase, "A delusion, a mockery, and a snare," there is a certain biblical ring, which has sometimes led to its being quoted as from one or other of the Hebrew prophets; the words are, in fact, an extract from the judgment of Lord Denman at the trial of O'Connell.

Long before Mr. Matthew Arnold lived and wrote, Dean Swift had sung the praises of the "Two noblest things, sweetness and light." It is Swift also who wrote that "Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent;" and who tells us, in his *Tale of a Tub*, that "Bread is the staff of life." "Out of mind as soon as out of sight," comes from the sonnets of Lord Brooke; and it was his friend and contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney, who coined the phrase, "My dear, my better-half." Humphry Gifford, a writer of the sixteenth century, has the following—

> I cannot say the crow is white,
> But needs must call a spade a spade.

Bickerstaff, a playwright as seldom read as he is often quoted, is author of the prudent admonition that "Enough is as good as a feast," and of the indisputable assertion that "One cannot have one's cake and eat it too." From Home's *Douglas* comes the famous speech, "My name is Norval," familiar to the readers of Enfield's once celebrated but now forgotten *Speaker*; and in the same play is found the consolatory assurance that "Virtue is its own reward." "The almighty dollar" came to us across the Atlantic from Washington Irving; and it was Beaumont and Fletcher who first taught us to speak of "money" as "the sinews of war." "How goes the enemy?" is a question often asked in the *Dramatist* of Reynolds; and "Pray, sir, what is your opinion of things in general?" is one of the "catchwords" of that impecunious sponger Jeremy Diddler.

From old Chaucer we learn that "Mordre wol out," and that it is wise to "Maken virtue of necessite." It is he, too, who wrote "Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken," a passage which the poet Gray must, consciously or unconsciously, have had in memory when he penned the celebrated line, "Even in our ashes live their wonted fires." It is Gray also who speaks of "Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;" of "Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;" who warns us that "Favourites have no friends," and that "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." It is the shy recluse Cowper who expresses his opinion that "God made the country, and man made the town," and who sings the praise of "cups that cheer but not inebriate." The light-hearted Gay instructs us that "Life is a jest, and all things show it;" and it is part of his cheerful philosophy that "While there's life there's hope."

Death the Leveller.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds.
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb.
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY (1596-1666).

"I generally divide my favours," says Fortune, "by giving a gift to one and the power to appreciate it to another."

William Lloyd Garrison.

In the life of Garrison we have a fine example of what can be done by patient, well-directed labours. After many years of severe, disheartening toil, he was with others instrumental in conferring upon four million slaves the precious blessings of liberty. Three names stand out with special prominence in that glorious chapter of human freedom,—the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Garrison, and Abraham Lincoln.

Garrison was born in 1805. At sixteen he began to contribute anonymous articles to a local paper. From a Quaker named Lundy, who published a magazine with the high-sounding name of *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*, he learned the first principles of anti-slavery. Then came his baptism of privation.

In the spring of 1830, it happened that a merchant sent one of his ships laden with slaves to Baltimore on its way to the southern market. The sight of this ship with eighty slaves on board incited Garrison to denounce in strong terms this shocking cruelty. For this offence he was tried, and sentenced to pay fifty dollars or be sent to prison. He chose the latter alternative. Hearing of this, Arthur Tappan, a well-known philanthropist of New York, forwarded one hundred dollars, and the champion of emancipation was once more at liberty. On the first of January, 1831, he published the first number of *The Liberator*, a journal started by himself to advocate the cause of immediate emancipation. The paper created the utmost exasperation among the slaveholders, and scarcely a day passed that Garrison did not receive letters offering to fight him, or making threats of assassination. The fear and hatred with which he was regarded by his opponents were almost equally strong; and to such a degree was opposition to him carried, that the state of Georgia actually offered through its legislature a reward of five thousand dollars to any who should prosecute and convict him according to the laws of that state.

In 1833, Garrison came to England for the purpose of enlightening the leading spirits in the anti-slavery cause as to the spuriousness and fallacies of what was then called the Colonisation Society. This Society advocated the sending

of the slaves back to Africa, in order to free the states of their coloured men. During his stay in England, Garrison became the friend of Clarkson, Wilberforce, Brougham, Macaulay, O'Connell, and George Thompson. So much, indeed, had he become identified with the coloured men, whose cause he advocated, that, on one occasion, when Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton had invited him to breakfast, the Baronet on Garrison's arrival held up his hands in astonishment. "Why, my dear sir," exclaimed Sir Thomas, "I thought you were a black man, and have consequently invited this company of ladies and gentlemen to be present to welcome Mr. Garrison, the black advocate of emancipation, from the United States of America!" Garrison used to say that this was the greatest compliment he had ever received, as it was a testimony to his unqualified recognition of the humanity of the negro.

The report of Garrison's labours in England had crossed the Atlantic before him; and on his arrival in New York, he found placards posted throughout the city, inciting the people to attack him on his arrival. He escaped, however, at this time uninjured. But a better occasion for the display of the popular hatred shortly occurred, when a mob of many thousands presented themselves at a meeting held by him and George Thompson, who had arrived from London, and seizing Garrison, dragged him violently through the streets, under threats of immediate vengeance. It was only by the interposition of some persons of influence that he was saved from a horribly violent death. At last he was conveyed to the Mayor's house, and thence for safety to the prison. The next day, after an examination for form's sake, he was released from prison; but, at the earnest entreaties of the city authorities, quitted Boston for a time.

In 1840 and 1846, Garrison again visited England in connection with the anti-slavery agitation; nor did he abate for one hour in his zeal till the beginning of 1865, when Congress passed the constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery in the United States of America. In an immense hall, crowded with coloured people, Mr. Garrison was presented, amid acclamations, by one of their number with a wreath of flowers, in token of the love which they bore him as the champion of their rights. The warfare being thus ended and the victory won, Garrison in 1867, and again in 1877, visited England. On the former occasion a public breakfast was given to him in London, and many speeches made in his honour. The Duke of Argyll aptly said "that Garrison had been sailing in a stormy sea in a one-oared boat." John Stuart Mill, in holding up Garrison's career to others, said: "Aim at something great; aim at the things which are difficult; for if you aim at something noble, and succeed, you will generally find that you have not succeeded in it alone."

Poetical Justice.

There has never been any question as to the importance of the enormous influence exercised on mankind by that most powerful moral agent Fiction. The expedient of teaching deep truths by means of simple stories, concealing grave lessons in the attractive interest of parables, or the thin disguise of fables, is a very ancient one, and was probably in full force in the world before Jotham intimated to the murderous citizens of Shechem his contemptuous disapproval of their choice of a ruler, under cloak of the parable of the trees seeking a king to reign over them. Its popularity since those days abundantly testifies to its efficacy.

The cause of this popularity may be variously assigned; but certain it is that all men, and still more women, are more or less open to the influence which Fiction exerts; and never was it more strongly felt than in the rush and bustle of this crowded twentieth century. Not only do the rich and idle find it agreeable to while away their leisure in the languid amusement of contemplating pains and pleasures that do not disturb their own easy lives, but the energetic and hard-working, the overworked and the despairing, find their best relaxation and their most wholesome tonic in that blessed forgetfulness of self, that temporary oblivion of the one engrossing and inthralling subject, which a hearty interest in either a play or a novel gives. Travel, sport, society are most valuable as distractions from sordid cares and the pressure of business; but for the many to whom these are unavailable when most needed, a fair substitute is obtained in the books or the plays that enable them to accompany

others in their voyages round the world or through life, to see with their eyes and feel with their hearts, and so cast off for a time the crushing burden of self and selfish cares.

The importance of the nature of the lessons conveyed by means so universally accepted can hardly be over-estimated, and Poetical Justice has much to answer for under this head. It may be true that novels are generally read and plays witnessed for the sake of amusement only, that no one expects to learn from them, or desires anything beyond a pleasant mode of passing time. Nevertheless, the influence is there, working stealthily, and whether recognised or not. Not more surely does the hidden violet fill the air around its modest presence with perfume, than the spirit in which a book is written makes itself felt for good or for evil. A young man's mind and character are formed by the books he reads, even more than by the company he keeps; and of the books he reads, a large proportion will be works of fiction. This may be predicated with even greater certainty of the young woman. Children are nurtured on fiction from their earliest years, soothed and amused with "stories," and induced to swallow the pills of educational instruction by the silvering of romance with which they are now elaborately coated. The taste grows with their years; and for a man or woman of average experience to show no appreciation of Scott or Dickens, of Thackeray or George Eliot, would be to declare him or her either wanting in intelligence, or utterly and grossly self-absorbed.

The appreciation of fiction which we should look for with most confidence amongst the masses is independent of that discriminating admiration for the beauty of artistic work, as such, which is the special privilege of the intellectual connoisseur; it is the simpler and commoner interest in a well-told story, to which no sane head and sound heart can be quite insensible. The spurious delights of studying highly-spiced records of immorality for the sake of the excitement they afford, may be left out of count here, as a disease of the mental organs; we are only concerned with their healthy and normal conditions.

The novelist's strength lies in his power of appeal to our sense of truth. In this, as in other arts, the highest art is the concealment of art. If he presents us with characters that we can recognise, we love or hate them as the case may be. We love the simple nobility of Colonel Newcome, loathe the monster Quilp, and worship the sanctity of Dinah Morris; we laugh with the witty, and fight with the brave, and mourn with the bereaved. But to touch us, the persons must be real; we care little for the adventures of figures of wood, and are unmoved by tragedies enacted by bundles of straw. And this is the common failing of our minor novelists. They introduce us to beings we have never known, men and women who walk on stilts and speak a language we have never heard, who move with the jerky unaccountability of marionnettes, and smile with the vacant stare of a Saracen's Head. We feel no inclination to join their unfamiliar dance, and our answering smiles are chilled at birth by the grim stiffness of their stony lips. But this is the fault of the artist. Let the magic spark of truth be present, and the glow of sympathetic interest will be kindled in every heart. And it is generally in favour of the ogre Poetical Justice that delineation of character is so sacrificed to management of situation as to make this sympathy impossible. We go through labyrinths of misery with our friend the persecuted heroine, and endure a lengthy and intimate acquaintance with the iniquitous plots of the villain, on the tacit understanding that Poetical Justice is at last to step in and put everything straight.

The fault of most men is not pride but that they think too meanly of themselves. That they are sons of God is a thought all too great for them. Not until they think more highly of themselves will they rise in the scale. Yet they should think humbly too. It is the lark, who from her lowliness builds her nest on the ground, who soars and sings above the rest.

For some life is a dormitory; they spend most of its years morally and mentally asleep. For others it is a playground—a scene of pleasurable excitement, changing sports, and every day must have its amusement. For a few life is a schoolroom, a battle-field, a pilgrimage, and they know they are here to learn a lesson, to play a soldier's part, and to cheer the pilgrims' way for others.

News from the Field.

[NOTICE.—At the request of many of our readers, we propose giving a monthly summary of news from our churches likely to be of general interest. As our space is limited, we cannot give mere local information of interest only to a particular church, such as accounts of tea meetings, classes, etc.; but we trust to be able to give a column of news which many will find useful.]

Our readers will be glad to learn that the University of Oxford has at last, by a decree of Convocation, conferred the degree of M.A. on the Rev J. Estlin Carpenter. The honour is similar to that conferred some years ago on Dr. Fairbairn. It is the University, however, which is to be congratulated rather than Mr. Carpenter. Mr. Carpenter adds a distinguished name to the roll of the University. We presume it is his recent learned book on the Hexateuch which has induced the University to recognise the presence at Oxford of so fine a scholar as the late Vice-Principal of Manchester College.

Numerous as were the memorial services in our churches on the day of the Queen's funeral, those at Bristol and Birmingham deserve special mention. Lewin's Mead is a large building, but it was not large enough to accommodate those who wished to attend. At the Old Meeting Church, Birmingham, a united service of the Birmingham Unitarians was held, when hundreds had to be turned away. In both cases the services were of an extremely impressive character.

A new church was opened at Chorlton-cum-Hardy on Saturday, February 9th, by the Rev W. C. Bowie. The main building seats 180, and there are also class rooms and a lecture room.

The congregation at Aberdeen has resolved to proceed with the erection of a new church at an estimated expenditure of £5000.

The Rev. J. Wood, of Birmingham, is giving a course of eight lectures on "Preaching," to the students of the Home Missionary College, Manchester. The lectures are also open to the ministers of the district, who avail themselves of the opportunity of attending in considerable numbers.

The Rev. E. W. Lummis, M.A., of Hull, has accepted an invitation to Warrington, and the Rev. F. T. Reid, of Moretonhampstead, goes to Colyton.

We hear that a new church is to be built at Merthyr at a cost of £1600.

The Rev. A. Cobden has been appointed superintendent of the Lower Wesley Street Mission, Manchester.

A Twentieth Century celebration, arranged by our Birmingham friends to be held at the end of January, having been postponed owing to the death of the Queen, will now be held on Friday, 29th, and Sunday, 31st of March. On Friday there will be a united social meeting in the Town Hall, and on Sunday evening, in the same place, a united religious service.

The NATIONAL CONFERENCE COMMITTEE have addressed a memorial to the King on the death of Queen Victoria, assuring him of the profound sympathy of the churches represented by the Conference, and offering their loyalty to the Throne. The address is signed by the President of the Conference, Rev. J. E. Carpenter, M.A., and the other officers.

THE GUILD MOVEMENT, which is already in many of our churches a remarkable power for good, is about to make a new departure. At the last meeting of the National Conference, a committee was appointed with the object of drawing into federated life and action the Guilds, Young People's Unions, and Societies in connection with our Free Churches. The committee having met and drawn up a preliminary constitution for the working of a Guilds' Union, which will be submitted to a meeting of the General Committee in April, it has been resolved to hold the inaugural meeting for starting the Union in London on Thursday afternoon, May 30th. Further particulars will be duly announced.

The Seed Sower.

With the present number (March) the *Seed Sower* begins a new volume. It has now been in existence eight years and has achieved a gratifying success. It has the largest circulation of any magazine, newspaper, or journal published for the use of our Free Churches, and is a welcome visitor in many homes. Not that it yet fully realises our idea of what such a magazine might be, and we hope to introduce new features of interest during the coming year. Much, however, depends on the help we receive from our friends in increasing our circulation. Our sale ought to reach 10 000 a month, and as soon as we come within reasonable distance of that number we shall at once enlarge our pages. We are glad to acknowledge the help we have so generously received from a large number of distinguished contributors, including Miss F. P. Cobbe, Mrs. Humphry Ward, J. A. Picton, Esq, R. H. Hutton, the Revs. S. A. Brooke, M.A., R. A. Armstrong, B.A., A. A. Blatchford, B.A., J. E. Carpenter, M.A., W. H. Drummond, B.A., E. I. Fripp, B.A., H. Gow, B.A, L. P. Jacks, M.A., E. A. Addis, M.A., C. Hargrove, M.A., Dr. Warschauer and many others.

The *Seed Sower* is localised by the Western Union (all the churches); the South Wales Union (all the churches); Essex and Unity Churches, London, Belfast, Hull, Gorton, Hyde, Mansfield, all the Birmingham Churches and many others.

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

The Stars.

Open the shutters, put out the light;
Our gowns are on and our prayers are said;
And now we must bid the stars good night,
Ere mother hops us up to bed.
Around the window, one, two, three,
There's little May and Rob and me.

Father opens the shutters and chink,
Then lowers the light to let us spy
The stars that stare and the stars that blink,
A million lamps in the curtained sky.
Around the window, hand in hand,
Three children in their night-gowns stand.

"Yonder's the big one." Little May
Has seen him first, then Rob, and me.
For I am the oldest, and that's the way
We should watch the stars across the sea.
Three little children in a row,
To watch the big stars flash and go.

Then Rob, with his face to the window pressed,
Picks out the red one among the white;
For that's the star that Rob likes best,
Because it shines like the harbour-light.
But I point out the row of three
That stand like May and Rob and me.

Then father, while we stand and gaze,
Talks of the sky and names the stars;
Mine is Orion's belt, and May's
Is Sirius, and Rob's is Mars.
Then into our cosy beds we creep,
For its time that children were all asleep.

Good night, ye stars that glint and gleam,
The shutters are shut, the curtains drawn;
But we'll see you shining down in dream,
Till you all go out with the rosy dawn.
Father and mother, a kiss, good night!
We'll wake when you let in the morning light.

GABRIEL SETOUN.

Dreams.

If children have been good all day,
And kept their tongues and lips quite clean,
They dream of flowers that nod and play,
And fairies dancing on the green.

But if they've spoken naughty words,
Or told a lie, they dream of rats;
Of crawling snakes and ugly birds;
Of centipedes and vampire bats.

G. SETOUN.

Thank God!

When baby settles in his place,
With folded hands he says his grace—
Thank God!

The porridge has no time to cool,
Dad calls it brief and beautiful—
Thank God!

For father, kinder every year,
For mother hasting to be near—
Thank God!

For baby, Timothy, so sweet,
For flowers to pick, for bread to eat,
Thank God!

There really is not more to say
Than this, by night as well as day—
Thank God!

NORMAN GALE.

Time to Rise.

A birdie, with a yellow bill,
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head?"

R. L. STEVENSON.

Infant Joy.

"I have no name;
I am but two days old."
"What shall I call thee?"
"I happy am—
Joy is my name!"
"Pretty Joy!
Sweet Joy, but two days old.
Sweet Joy I call thee;
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while;
Sweet joy befall thee!"

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Lady Moon.

(HOW TO TELL HER AGE)

O Lady Moon, your horns point towards the East:
Shine, be increased.
O Lady Moon, your horns point towards the West:
Wane, be at rest.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.